

MCGILL DAILY

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by sheldon goldfarb

Sise, Garry on Bethune and China

Descriptions of China as expansionist and militarist are "malicious propaganda", Robert Garry, professor of geography at the Université de Montréal, said yesterday.

Speaking in Redpath Hall during the morning session of the Norman Bethune Symposium, Garry used the examples of China-Cambodia relations to show that China is actually peace-loving.

Garry, who lived for 15 years

Important Notice

Yesterday's *Daily* appeared on campus late. It reported the events of the Students' Society meeting held Wednesday. At this meeting both Students' Society President Richard Pomerantz, and External Vice President Allan Tanny were heavily criticized by the students present. Because of the late appearance of the papers the *Daily* requested and received permission to have the copies remain overnight in the Union. Early this morning someone attempted to dispose of at least 1000 papers by throwing them into nearby rubbish bins. According to the cleaners present, the person responsible for this was Richard Pomerantz. The *Daily*s were recovered and are available at normal collection centres.

in Cambodia, described how relations were gradually established, starting with a meeting in 1955.

In 1956, a joint statement of the Chinese and Cambodian governments declared that relations between the two countries would be based on the Five Principles of Peaceful Co-existence. Full diplomatic relations were established in 1958, at which time commercial and financial agreements were also made.

In 1960, said Garry, "the bonds of friendship between the two countries became closer" through a non-aggression treaty and through increased economic and military aid to Cambodia.

After Prince Sihanouk was deposed as chief of state of Cambodia in 1970, he went to China, where his government was recognized and given support as the government in exile.

All this, said Garry, shows the friendship and co-operation of the Chinese and is enough to dismiss the talk of Chinese expansionism.

Friendship was also mentioned by another speaker at the morning session, Kuo Ching-an, a member of the embassy of the People's Republic of China in Ottawa.

Bethune, said Kuo, was "an illustrious son of the Canadian

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Dr. Ha Hsien-Wen

A large friendly crowd of over 400 people yesterday packed Redpath Hall during the afternoon session of the one day symposium on Norman Bethune.

The event, honouring the memory of the Canadian Communist was organized as part of the McGill Sesquicentennial celebrations.

The first speaker of the afternoon was McGill History professor Paul Lin who talked for about an hour on "The New Man in Chinese Society."

Lin described the historical struggle of the Chinese people, from the oppression of feudal times through to the inception and development of its modern Communist society.

He said that from a historical perspective "the progress of Chinese society has been marked by the struggle to free man from the nature and oppression of his fellow men."

Lin told the audience that experience had shown that to develop new attitudes in men, more than just a mere change of government or transformation of economic structures was needed.

The McGill history professor cited the founding of the Ming Dynasty by a peasant rebel to illustrate his point. Lin explained that although this was the first time a peasant had achieved the rank of emperor in China, once in power the peasant emperor devoted all his efforts to re-establishing the social order of the previous dynasty.

Lin drew an analogy between the failed potential of the Ming dynasty and the progress of the Soviet Revolution to date. Lin fully acknowledged China's debt to the Bolshevik revolutionaries of 1917, but said that he was disappointed with the recent direction taken by the Soviet government, and in particular with the attitudes of those "who only want to retain power to re-establish the 'old man'."

The Chinese people, he said, had united behind Mao Tse-tung and his thought, which he described as "the sum of the best directives of Marx and Lenin, and the historical experience of the Chinese."

Lin said as a result of the teachings of Mao Tse-tung, the Communist Party of China had always emphasized the necessity for "dialectical man to change himself," over and above productivity and economic development.

He acknowledged that there were still some "granite heads" in China but that the "basic trend towards the radical transformation of man, society and environment" was closer to success every day. To those in the audience who doubted the extent of this success, he advised, to thunderous applause: "Go to China and see for yourself."

The next speaker on the program was Dr. Chen Wen-chieh, of the Academy of

Medical Sciences in Peking. Dr. Chen began his short lecture by expressing his pleasure at visiting the homeland of Norman Bethune who, he said "Chinese medical workers have always taken as a model."

Chen quoted Mao Tse-tung as saying that "Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people. Every Communist must learn from him."

Chen went on to describe the tremendous progress of Chinese medicine since the

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daily photos by jean-michel joffe

DR. CHEN WEN-CHIEH spoke with Dr. Ha at yesterday's Norman Bethune symposium. Topics discussed included China's foreign policy, Medicine in China, Bethune's life and changes in China since the revolution.

GOP fund raising feast heckled in Chicago

CHICAGO (LNS) "We eat beans while Nixon eats steak," chanted welfare recipients as 1,500 protestors gathered in Grant Park across from Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel. Chauffeur-driven limousines pulled up to the hotel at regular intervals and unloaded their mink stoled, diamond-studded occupants.

Chicago's Republican elite were there in full regalia to attend a \$500-a-plate fund-raising dinner; and the protestors came to picket, hoot, chant and — occasionally — toss expressions of sentiment, such as rotten eggs, at the people Nixon referred to as the leaders of the country.

"You are the leaders because you are here," Dick said. Apparently the ability to pay \$500 for a meal is enough to make you a leader in his eyes.

The Republican Party took in

close to \$5 million from the nationwide series of banquets addressed by Nixon and Agnew and broadcast over closed circuit TV.

In the park, students and street freaks rubbed elbows with young workers and middle-aged blacks. All the organizing groups had stressed that their protest was against the wage freeze and welfare cuts (Illinois' 60 percent slash of general assistance for Cook County is still pending in court appeals) as well as against the continuing Indochina war.

Seminarians for Peace and Justice continued an elaborate chant of liberation/insubordination and Progressive Labor bullhorns echoed with "Cut the bosses' war, not the workers' wages."

Descendants of the revolutionary youth movement politics joined in with "Fuck Dick, Fuck Spiro, Attica brothers are the people's heroes".

While crowds jammed the sidewalk across from the Hilton, and behind a well-manned police barricade (a detail of 630 police, including 100 plainclothesmen, had been assigned to the demonstration, in addition to FBI, Secret Service, Red Squad, etc.), TV cameras focussed on the "dignitaries" arriving.

Suddenly four yellow cabs pulled up and unloaded a raggle-taggle band of young men in khaki uniforms, one in a wheelchair, and all chanting, "Bring our brothers home!"

Police were dumbfounded, but according to one of the 20 or so Vietnam Veterans Against the War who took part, "The crowd (of non-protesting onlookers) started cheering all behind us. They went absolutely nuts when we started shouting."

Nixon came late and was whisked into the hotel out of sight of the demonstration. But his advisers should take note of a popular chant that continued into the chilly night: "We want Nixon with a rope around his neck — On to San Diego!"

Medina admits he lied

NEW YORK (LNS) It appears that army officers stick together, even at the expense of the truth. In a major effort to get Colonel Oren Henderson off the hook, former Army Captain Ernest Medina testified today that he lied to Henderson in his report on the events surrounding the massacre at My Lai.

Henderson is on trial before an Army tribunal, accused of having suppressed the facts about the massacre of Vietnamese civilians at My Lai in 1968.

Medina testified that although he knew that at least 106 civilians had been shot down at My Lai, he reported to Henderson that only 20-26 people had been inadvertently killed by artillery, helicopter gunshot and small-arms fire.

"I didn't tell him that I had a feeling these people had been shot by members of my command," Medina said. Medina also testified that he had seen 20 to 28 bodies in one location on the north-south trail through My Lai but that he didn't tell Henderson that he'd seen all the bodies in one place.

Not only did Medina admit to lying to Col. Henderson, but he also admitted that he lied under oath to an investigating officer of the Army's Inspector General's office as well as during his appearance before an army investigation panel headed by Lieutenant General Peers.

Medina testified from a position of relative security since he resigned from the Army three weeks after he was acquitted on murder and manslaughter charges related to My Lai. He cannot be prosecuted for perjury or for covering up the massacre since he is no longer

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TODAY

MAO TSE-TUNG THOUGHT: Study circle; discussion on historical materialism. McConnell Engineering Bld, room 226, 5 pm.

UKRAINIAN SOCIETY: Important meeting for all members. Union 124, 1 pm.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Choir practice. Union 307, 8 pm.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT DRAMA: "The Serpent". Moyse Hall, 8:30 pm. Tickets \$2.00 — at Union Box Office or at door.

FREE TELEGRAM SERVICE: Via Amateur Radio. Forms available at Union Box Office, Union 401, or phone 392-8942.

RED AND WHITE REVUE: Auditions for a baritone. Red and White office, all day. Call 392-8989 or 844-8075.

PRE-MED SOCIETY: Rap with med students. McIntyre Medical Bldg Rm 620, 12-1.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINCY: Daily prayer. L-12, 1:05 pm.

UNITED FARM WORKERS ORGANIZING COMMITTEE: Two films: "Huelga" and "Decision at Delano". Discussion to follow films. Donations 25c. Union Ballroom, 7-10.

NEWMAN CENTRE: Mass. Followed by supper at 6. 75c. 3484 Peel, 5:30.

FILM SOCIETY: Horror Festival: "Mephisto Waltz", 7 pm. "Black Cat" with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi at 9:30 pm. PSCA.

ITALIAN STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Open discussion on the role of Italian students in Quebec. Union 327, 1 pm.

PLAYERS' CLUB: "Blithe Spirit" by Noel Coward. Union Theatre, 8:30 pm. Tickets \$1.50 at Union Box Office.

COMMUNITY MCGILL: Big brother/tutor in French needed for 16 yr old in TMR. Union 414, 12-2. 392-8980.

AFRICAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION: The movies are ready to be shown. Burnside Hall Rm 26, 7 pm.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

SOCIETY: Wine and Cheese Smoker. Union Coffee Lounge, 8:30-12:30 pm.

REDMEN BAND: Mandatory attendance for hockey game. Sir Arthur Currie Gym, 7 pm.

INDIAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION: General get-together. Discussion on Bengla Dosh issue. Free snacks and Indian tea. All welcome. Union 327, 7:30 pm.

WOMEN'S INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKETBALL: McGill vs Laval. Come out and support the squaws. Currie Gym, 6:30 pm.

PRE-MED SOCIETY: Dr Steinmetz, "Group practice: the family doctors." McIntyre Bldg. Francis Seminar Room, enter thru library - 3rd floor, 1 pm.

IRANIAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION: Discussion on "The Role of the Student Movement." Latest news from Iran. Union 123-124, 8 pm.

CHINESE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY: Dinner gathering for all. Tai Sun Restaurant, 7:30 pm.

FACULTY OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA: Works by Mendelssohn, Haydn, Mozart and Michel Perrault. \$1.00, students 50c. Redpath Hall, 8:30 pm.

SATURDAY

FIGURE SKATING: Instructional and team practice. Winter Stadium, 10 am.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Choir practice - Mass. Newman Centre, 3484 Peel, 7:30 pm.

WOMEN'S CURLING: No ice available this Saturday.

MEN'S CURLING: No ice at TMR this Saturday, show up for "Grand Match."

GHANAIN STUDENTS: The High Commissioner is in, so check him out. Leacock Bldg, 4:30 pm.

SUNDAY

YELLOW DOOR: Folk Mass, discussions, wine and cheese after. Everyone welcome. 3625 Aylmer, 4:30 pm.

WEST INDIAN STUDENTS: You are invited to an informal get-together. Refreshments provided. 455 Sherbrooke no. 202, 2-6.

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at McGill Winter Stadium — Admission 50c

Tickets available Office No 3 - Currie Gym and Arena box office (from 7 p.m. game date).

MCGILL DAILY

The McGill Daily is published five times a week by the Students' Society of McGill University, 3480 McTavish Street, Montreal 112. Editorial opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily the official opinions of the Students' Society.

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Being president means never having to say you're sorry

COMMENT

The other day I dropped by the Faculty Club, looking for a professor. He wasn't there, but Students' Society President Richard Pomerantz was. Mr. Pomerantz was in the company of a number of students younger than himself. He was deeply involved in demonstrating to these protégés his familiarity with the premises.

I don't know if Mr. Pomerantz spends all his times "impressing" people with the considerable status attached to the office he holds. If he does, it is too bad, because the office of President of the Students' Society has been greatly diminished by the people who have occupied it of late.

The President has said that, not knowing what the students think, and with apathy pervading the campus, the executive is unable to speak or act in the name of the students. As a former Vice-President of the Students' Society, I find these remarks incredible. Coming from someone not familiar with the situation, these remarks might be called naive. When such remarks are made by a person in Mr. Pomerantz's position, they can only be described as deceitful.

Everything the Students' Council and its executive does, or chooses not to do, is done in the name of the students. When students elect an executive in this university they are doing two things. Firstly, they are expressing their opinions of the candidates and the issues which they have raised. Secondly, they are mandating these people to act in what they recognize to be the best interests of the student community.

Being familiar with the problems which confront the university is a full-time job. All students cannot reasonably be expected to sacrifice a great deal of time when a far more sensible approach is to elect representatives to assess a problem and speak on their behalf.

Professors are in much the same situation. They, too, elect representatives. Surely this is neither a new nor revolutionary concept. Surely so astute a politician as Mr. Pomerantz does not need to have such concepts explained to him. There are two types of student government possible in a university. One is activist student government. The other is apathetic student government. One should not make the mistake of interpreting these as 'political' and 'apolitical'. Both are very political.

An activist student executive determines that the status quo in the university is not acceptable. It determines to fight with all means at its disposal for the sorts of changes which it believes would best serve the student community.

The apathetic student executive opts for the status quo instead of challenging

the university establishment, either because it accepts its thinking and policies, or because its members don't want anything to interfere with the connections in high places which their term in office allows them to develop, and which will serve them so well in their later life. (The two reasons are obviously very much interrelated.)

Amongst activist student executives, it is possible to discern two types. First, there are those who begin their term with an analysis of the university which convinces them that radical changes are necessary. Second, there are those who begin with an ambivalent view of the government of the university. It doesn't take very many months for this latter group (I number myself amongst them) to discover that the administrative apparatus is a hopeless bog, and that the only possible way to effect improvements is to present, on behalf of the students, demands for radical change which they have come to realize are the only solution.

Unless the university is questioned, challenged, and reproached at every turn, it will inevitably drift in the same direction (usually the wrong one) as it always has.

That is not to say that every statement and every action taken by the executive would or should have the support of fifty-one per cent of the students on every issue.

There are countless issues (which the executive may or may not choose to confront) of which the students are totally unaware. There are other issues on which a student may hold a contrary opinion to his spokesman, perhaps because he is unfamiliar with all the facts to which his representative has access.

For example, a student senator might move to alter the composition of a particular committee by increasing the number of student members, not merely because he believes in the principle of greater student representation, but perhaps also because he knows the administration has stacked the committee in favour of a certain point of view. Only someone aware of the personalities and politicking involved can possibly understand this.

The very least any student representative can do is ask himself what any student, confronted with the evidence he possesses, would do in a given situation. That is why he was elected in the first place.

But our President doesn't even do this. Every day the executive has dozens of opportunities to represent, or not represent, their constituents. I defy Mr. Pomerantz to deny this.

The University is constantly establishing and determining the composition of committees. For months, a recommendation from a University committee to increase student representation on Senate, has been awaiting consideration. The University decides which new programs should or should not be approved, which old programs should be dropped, and how much money is allocated to each sector of the university community. The students could well be spoken for on these budget proposals, before they go to Quebec City.

The University determines which professors shall be hired, and which ones fired, and for what reasons, thus very much determining the orientation of the university. These are issues on which previous executives have not hesitated to speak out when they disagreed with actions taken by the university. Why can we not do this today?

Were it not for the students, there would be no Center for Learning and Development carrying on research on learning methods; there would be no educational development fund available for students and professors with ideas for new programs; there would be no students, far fewer professors, and only a lot of administrators on Senate and faculty committees. All meetings of all policy-making bodies of the University would be held *in camera*; the Editor of the *Daily* would be answerable to the Principal for publishing a dirty word in the paper; the University's residences would be sexually segregated; McGill would be granting its honorary degrees to wealthy businessmen.

Five years ago, this was the situation. Student activists changed all that and began an evolution of the University which many thought was irreversible. More student representation, less rigid regulations, greater freedom, an increasing sense of community at McGill... these seemed to be the order of the day. But times have changed.

In 1969, the Students' Council withheld representation from a committee to select the Principal, because they were only offered three positions out of fifteen. The university finally agreed to seat two more students.

Less than a year later, the University established a Long Range Planning Committee. Mr. Hutton Archer, a good friend and former MSEA colleague of Pomerantz, sat on a committee as Students' Council President to select the members of this committee. He agreed to a composition which included himself as the only student member on the twelve-man body.

Three years ago, the Student Council protested the firing for political motives

of radical lecturer Stanley Gray. This year, Marlene Dixon was not given such support.

In other spheres, the Executive of the Students' Council organized a successful blockade of the American border at the time of the first Amchitka nuclear blast. This year, when every major campus in Canada was organizing demonstrations, the McGill Student Council was nowhere to be seen.

Are these actions by our most recent leaders not political? They are just as political as those of their predecessors. Only the politics have changed. They are just as political as our President's regular speeches to gatherings of businessmen, and quite consistent with the verbal offerings the barons of St. James Street find so much to their liking.

The opportunities of a student executive to develop influential contacts during his term of office are enormous. If he is true to his constituency, he will not be tempted. He should make it his business to earn the animosity of those whom he can make uncomfortable through his criticism of their policies and proposals.

If he leaves office with friends on the Board of Governors, as I suspect Mr. Pomerantz will, then he will undoubtedly be assured of success in the world of business; and will perhaps even someday receive a Liberal or Conservative nomination, but he will not have served his constituency well.

There is indifference on the McGill campus: more, according to Students' Society Secretary Myron Galloway than there has ever been. Of course, this is not a phenomenon restricted to McGill, but much of the indifference which exists on this campus (it *isn't* universal) is the fault of the student "leaders" who have chosen, not to lead, but rather to follow the current ebb and flow of the University. Students aren't running for office because the offices have been diminished by the people who occupy them. Students don't vote because their "leaders" don't bother to let them know that there are issues which vitally concern them upon which they might declare themselves through their votes. Students aren't aware of the issues and alternatives which confront McGill, because their leaders aren't making them aware.

No, student executives cannot wait for student interest to perk up before declaring themselves on an issue. They must dedicate their terms of office to arousing that interest.

The McGill Students' Society has become nothing more than a glorified cafeteria, and a rather poor one at that. McGill students deserve much better.

Martin Shapiro

LETTERS

Ducking-stool for Dicky?

Sir,

It was with a growing sense of apprehension that I witnessed some of the unbelievably childish antics of our members of the executive at the open meeting of November 23.

It is becoming painfully obvious to me that the only way we're going to get Pomerantz to act in public with any semblance of civility is to have him bound and gagged. Perhaps I should elucidate, it would seem comical to me

that the only sentiments that the Students' Society executive would be able to elicit from those it seeks to represent would be one of criticism and doubt towards its members.

D. DuBois BSc U1

Our exclusive Ivory Tower not for common laity

Sir,

The case of Marlene Dixon should engender the interest of serious scholars in all faculties. Her methods of operation have been replicated a number of times in Canadian and American universities where incompetent professors have attempted to substitute activism

for scholarship. I can only conclude that Miss Dixon's academic credentials are sorely lacking. She admits that the data she uses in her research is personal experience. Those data have never been admitted in serious academic circles and if her papers are based on that sort of information, it is no wonder that the Department of Sociology is unhappy with her work. She says "The men and women for whom I am writing are themselves participants and have no need for footnotes — they need only check what I say against their own experiences." (*McGill Daily*, November 19, 1971, page 5). If Miss Dixon chooses to write for the man in

the street that is her business. Such writing can hardly be considered sound scholarship however.

It is not surprising that some of the graduate students in the Department of Sociology support her case, for they too would take the easy road of chanting and demonstrating over the more intellectually demanding route of serious thought and publication. The faculty of the Department of Sociology deserves credit for its defense of historical university traditions against those who would destroy our very foundations.

Dr. Edward E. Williams
Associate Professor of Finance
Faculty of Management

China . . .

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people and a great friend of the Chinese people". Bethune also showed a spirit of selflessness, he said, in "travelling thousands of miles to take up the cause of Chinese liberation, a cause for which he gave his life".

The spirit and the contributions of Bethune were described in greater detail by Hazen Sise, an architect and friend of Bethune. Sise portrayed Bethune as a person who "radiated energy . . . and who

could pass quickly from thought to action".

Sise then outlined Bethune's activities in the 1930's. Bethune, a Canadian thoracic surgeon and a communist, served as organizer and chief of medical services with the anti-Franco Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War and with Mao Tse-tung's 8th Route Army during the fight against the Japanese invaders.

In short, said Sise, to the question, "Am I my democratic brother's keeper?", Bethune gave an unequivocal yes.

Bethune's work in China has made him universally revered there today. Until recently, however, he was ignored in Canada, because of his communist beliefs.

He is finally beginning to be recognized in his homeland, but he is now being described in the general media as a liberal humanitarian, who did not really understand the politics of the struggles he aided.

Sise criticized this view and pointed out that Bethune's humanitarianism was political, not neutral; he was a revolutionary humanitarian — a militant communist and anti-fascist.

The final speaker of the morning session was Samuel Noumoff, professor of political science, who discussed "Continuity and Change in China", showing how traditional Chinese forms had been united with revolutionary content in modern Chinese society.

Symposium . .

Continued from page 1

liberation.

He cited the success of mass treatment techniques in the elimination of schistosomiasis — a debilitating parasitic infection carried by snails — along the banks of the Yangtze River, and the mass inoculation campaigns that stamped out cholera in China by 1948.

Using slides, Chen demonstrated how mobile medical teams carry medicine to the workers in factories, mines and rural areas.

He described these teams — mostly made up of young people — as "integrating the applied principles of dialectical materialism to direct medical practice."

Chen was followed at the podium by Dr Ha Hsien-wen, also of the Peking Academy of Medical Sciences, who described at length the integration of Chinese and Western medical techniques. Ha spoke of the diverse applications of the traditional Chinese methods of acupuncture, and explained the reasons for the acceptance of the technique.

Ha also described the remarkable success of Chinese doctors in:

- rejoining severed limbs — arms, hands fingers, and toes — even after as much as 36 hours.
- treating patients with burns covering up to 98 per cent of the body surface by means of new grafting techniques.

- repairing multiple closed fractures with a combination of Chinese and Western techniques that have dramatically reduced the healing time of these fractures.

Ha illustrated his lecture with rather gruesome slides — in living colour — of severed bloody limbs and burnt bodies. He said that in pioneering these new forms of treatment the doctors had been greatly helped by "the revolutionary optimism of the patients." After a coffee break the day long symposium ended with a talk by McGill Biochemistry professor K. A. C. Elliott on "Exchanges between Peoples."

About fifty residents of the federal riding of Westmount heard Gerard Pelletier, Secretary of State, and C.M. Drury, MP for Westmount and President of the Treasury Board, discuss the problems of youth in Canada last night at the Berkeley Hotel.

The meeting, sponsored by the Liberal organization of Westmount, centred on the Opportunities for Youth (OFY) programme, which provided jobs for unemployed youth last summer. It also dealt with the report of the Committee on Youth, which like the OFY was commissioned by the office of the Secretary of State.

Both Pelletier and Drury praised the OFY programme, declaring that it was a valid solution to the problem of youth unemployment during the summer.

Highest priorities were granted to the Quebec region, which recorded a higher level of youth unemployment than anywhere else in Canada.

Drury attributed this to the general lack of mobility between Quebec and Canada, which prevented the unemployed from moving to more economically active areas of Canada.

"We said to the kids, here's money, here's a chance to show what you can do," Pelletier said. Apparently, the "kids" did very well, since problems occurred in only 21 projects of the 2365 financed by the government.

Despite claims about the success of the OFY projects and the suggestion by the Commit-

tee for Youth report that a policy of decentralization and local decision-making was urgently needed throughout the country, Pelletier has no plans for extending the programme during the winter months or to groups other than youth.

"We're looking in several directions," he answered, in response to a question about the future expansion of the programme. One of his pet ideas is the establishment of a "military service for civil purposes", which would employ youth for a specified length of time at "all types of work".

The predominantly middle-aged, middle-class audience reacted favorably to Pelletier and Drury. They were primarily interested in "the transient problem" during the summer vacation.

One concerned parent, the owner of a drugstore where a youth hostel had been located last summer, complained that the presence of "those people" had cut business by 50% and suggested that the youth hostel be moved outside the city.

Another, an immigrant to Canada, praised the "paramilitary" programme suggestion and pointed out that in the old country a similar programme had met with a great deal of success and had been good for "character-building".

Medina . . .

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under Army jurisdiction.

Medina's testimony in defense of Henderson is the strongest testimony so far in the 11 week old trial. Henderson has maintained all along that his men "lied to him" about My Lai, and that he knew nothing of the massacre.

This strengthens the possibility that Henderson, too, will be acquitted, leaving Lieutenant William Calley as the sole participant in the My Lai incident who has been successfully prosecuted.

Calley, convicted last March of killing at least 22 Vietnamese civilians was sentenced to life imprisonment. This sentence was subsequently reduced to 20 years and could be further reduced when it is reviewed by appellate courts and President Nixon.

Medina, meanwhile, has fitted nicely into civilian life as assistant to the chairman of the board of R. J. Enstrom Co., manufacturers of the F-28A helicopter — a police surveillance vehicle. He got the job through the good offices of his attorney F. Lee Bailey, who is Chairman of the Board.



GERARD PELLETIER spoke yesterday at the Berkeley Hotel to a group of Westmount Liberals on the Opportunities for Youth program and the Youth Report.

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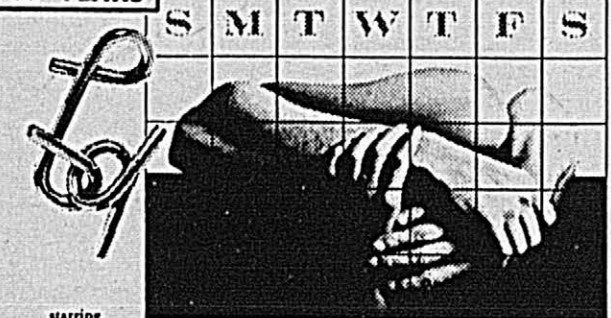
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Glenda Jackson Peter Finch
Murray Head

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1971

TRANSFIGURED NIGHT

**you've read huxley, alpert and leary.
now read this**

by allan fox

James was sitting in his late grandmother's rocking chair when he became aware of the first, barely perceptible effects of the drug: his breathing became easier (he was an asthmatic), his vision grew very clear. All the objects in his perceptual field were somehow more colourful, more separate, one from the other than he had ever before remembered them to be. The spaces between these objects took on an aura of substance; they were no longer mere emptiness or nothingness, but as concrete as the objects they set apart.

Sounds, too, were very distinct, he could isolate and identify all of them. His brain was full of colour, sound; there was no room for thoughts. What intrigued him more than any of this, however, was the ability he found himself to have to control his sensory mechanism. Concentrating on one object or sound and in so doing excluding all others was a game he invented and played for fifteen minutes.

He became convinced at this point of two things: that distance and duration are both real and that objects are not necessarily as we perceive them to be, that there exists a gulf of some sort between the thing-in-itself and the thing-for-us.

The whining lamentations of his dog reminded him that he had an earth-bound duty to perform so he dressed (it was winter-time) and, aware that his sense of equilibrium was upset, carefully descended the stairs into the outdoors. The dog met some friends of his and as James watched them running

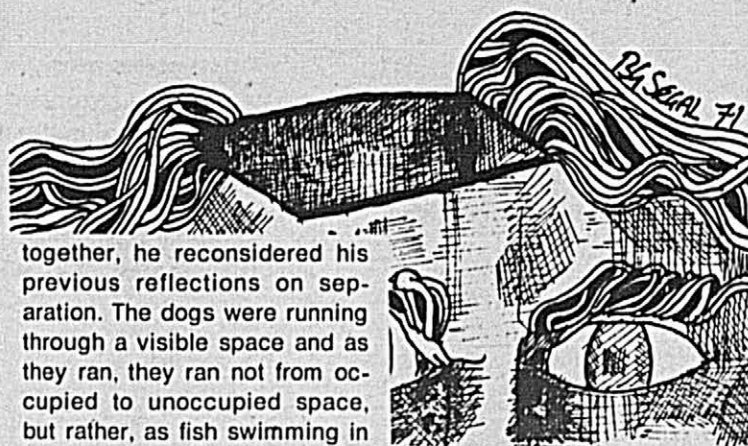
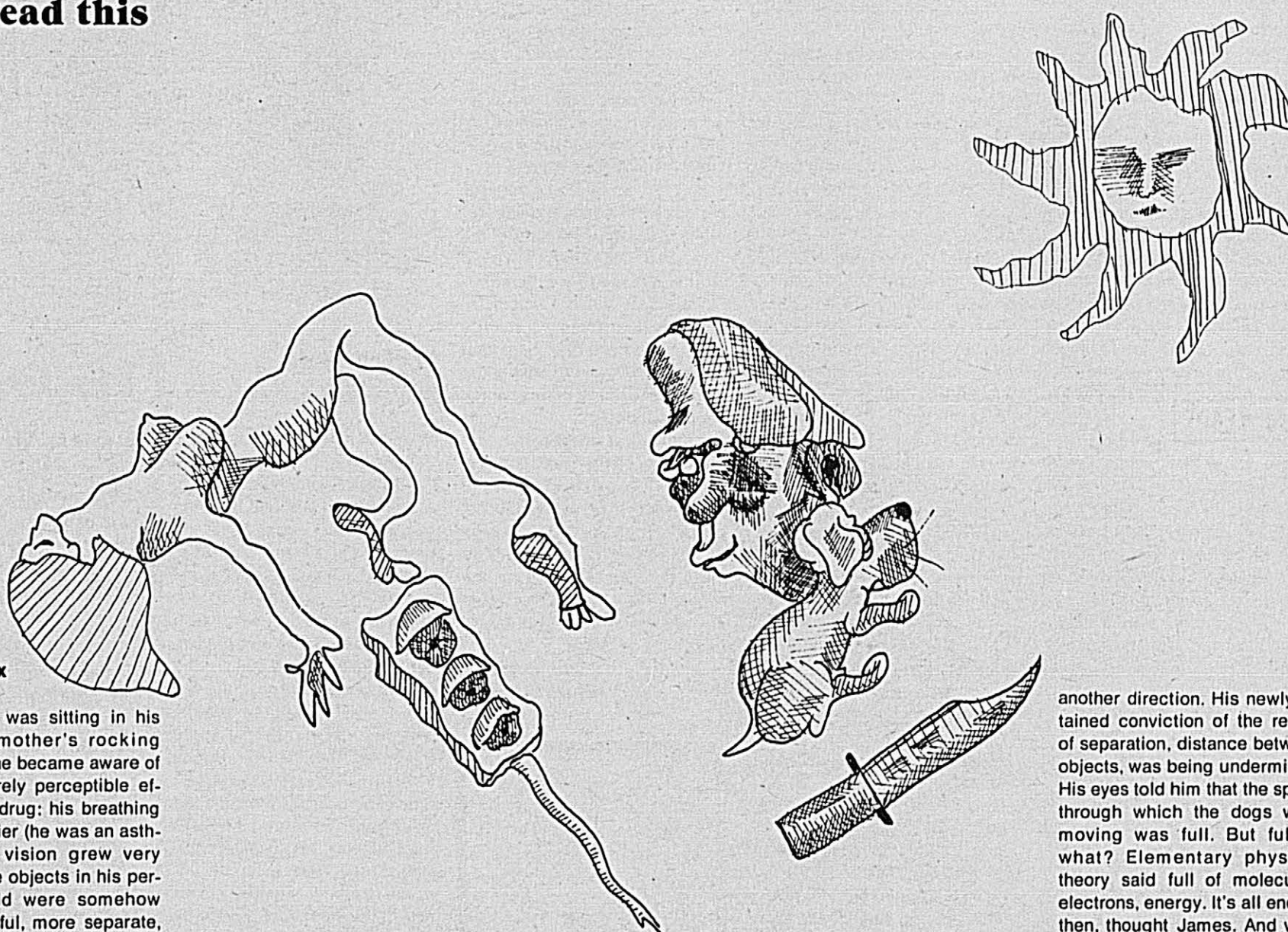
together, he reconsidered his previous reflections on separation. The dogs were running through a visible space and as they ran, they ran not from occupied to unoccupied space, but rather, as fish swimming in water, through a continuous medium. Father Parmenides, thought James, was right, at least in part, after all: the universe is a plenum, there is no empty space. Whereupon, he

sat down and set himself the chore of proving that Parmenides was entirely-right-after-all, that motion was an illusion. The dogs at play interrupted his thoughts and sent them in

another direction. His newly attained conviction of the reality of separation, distance between objects, was being undermined. His eyes told him that the space through which the dogs were moving was full. But full of what? Elementary physical theory said full of molecules, electrons, energy. It's all energy then, thought James. And what of the dogs themselves, were they not as well made up of molecules, electrons, energy.

So that was it, a vision of unity grounded, not in religion or politics, but in science, physics. James thought some more and realized that he too was composed of this energy, the same as the air around him and the bench under him. He was melting into it, the artist's lines which separated his body from the rest of it were, in fact, part of it or, to be more precise, part of him-it, since neither he nor it were any longer distinguishable. He was disappearing. The first crisis of what he would come to call his purgatorial experience.

continued on pg 4





If you don't puke when you read this we'll give you a prize

by hal conroy

Go to either a wholesale grocery house — or to a "Crushed Can Store" — a REAL discount non-chain grocery and put in a goodly supply of food.

One day last summer while putting in a mess of supplies, I spotted a shelf loaded with cartons of small (one-person-meal) stews. Some were beef, others chicken. Each carton of twenty-four sold for \$2.49. In short, forty-eight main courses for \$4.98. A good deal. I bought two cartons.

About a week later I was in a large store that claims that it gives SUPER DISCOUNTS and that you go there "Mainly because of the Meat" and there on the shelves were the same stews — at 45c a can or if I'd bought the same amount — 48 cans — from this store, I'd have had to lay out \$21.60 instead of the \$4.98 I'd paid at the wholesaler.

Like the kid says, "A real rip-off."

Anyway, back to the stove. Lay in a large supply of canned stews, canned potatoes, instant potatoes, powered milk, the well-known brand of "Home-cooked dinners" — mainly Macaroni & Cheese — the packages of soup — easier to stow — a very good brand of barbecued beans and a lot of instant puddings. I also lay in a large stock of Instant Oatmeal, the kind that you pour boiling water over. A few cans of chicken or corned beef for special meals and you're in business.

Overlooking instant heartburn, also buy a couple of lengths of salami sausage to go with the king-sized supply of crackers on which to spread large globs of soft margarine.

But the secret of good eating is not in opening the cans and spilling, the contents into a pot. No way!

No, one has to use a little ripe imagination and have a flair for courting the unknown. Sometimes, it also helps to have a

well-known brand of indigestion-easer handy if you let your easy access to spices run away with your sense of caution.

What I usually do is combine things and it always seems to turn out fine. For example, one day I found that I had a pot of stew left over but there wasn't enough of it to make a decent meal so I poured a can of potato soup over it then added a couple of sliced hard-boiled eggs — they were left over from breakfast — found some grated cheese left over from a Cooked Dinner, put it on the stove, added some milk and margarine, a bit of spice and I had a great Gumbo.

The whole thing lasted me for four meals and the last time I used it I tossed in the remains of an apple pie and some sausage.

It was a bit weird but it tasted great.

Another of my stomach-lining meals consists of the following materials;

You take a can of Barbequed beans, half a can of tomato paste, a can of potato soup, two packages of instant oatmeal and have your spice shelf handy.

You bring the water to a fast boil — or a slow boil depending on how hot your fire is — after the water is boiled you add the can of beans — simmer — when the beans begin to boil, you add the 1/2 can of tomato paste — stir — cover and let stand while you boil the water for the oatmeal and hot up the can of soup. When the oatmeal is ready, you add the soup — stir — then add the porsoup to the beans — stir — add spice — serve.

Ready for more goodies?

Take one of the canned stews — a large can — shove in a pot, add half a can of creamed corn, four potatoes (canned) a tomato — canned or fresh, it doesn't matter, spice to taste and heat.

Take one of the instant cake mixes, add sausages — or any precooked meat, spice to taste and following baking directions. Once, I added a half a carton of left-over potato salad and to my surprise it turned out just fine.

It's easy, all you have to have is the food, a can-opener, mixing spoons, and a flair for adventures in eating.

It is more fun to take dull foods and play around with them then it is to just heat up a can and eat. Of course it does make for some pretty weird mix-ups and there are times when you can overdo it.

By the way — that all important item — THE POT. I have used the same pot for three years — and I have yet to wash it. When not in use — very rare — it is kept in either my boat's ice-box or the Fridge but most of the time there is something in it.

Everything else is spotlessly clean but I'd take away the flavor — some of it anyway — if I ever cleaned the pot.

Letters

Dear Gentlemen,

For some considerable time now I had resigned myself to paying for a newspaper which does not conform to my idea of what a campus newspaper should be, placing part of the blame on my own background and outlook, having come from a society with norms and values which would be considered backward and decadent here. However, your issue of *The Lower Canada Review of Arts and Politics* of Friday 19th-November, 1971, jolted me out of resignation.

I wish to protest very, very strongly against your article "Gospel Truth" by Gordon Roback appearing on pages 6 and 7, and your comic strip "The Unexpurgated Adventures of God" by Marc Nerenberg on page 12.

I regard both "features" as affronts to Blacks everywhere. Indeed, the comic strip is a calculated insult to *Our Women*.

Further, as one who regards the story of "Adam and Eve" as an allegory depicting *Man's fall from grace with God*, the comic strip is a piece of iconoclasm.

Time was when I would regard both articles as puerile jokes. But I have been here long enough to be able to fathom the workings of the minds which produce them.

I realize, of course, that you must cater to the tastes, and reflect the ideas of the majority of your readers, or you would not be in circulation. May I urge you, however, to do so with utmost care and respect for the sensibilities of your other readers, especially in matters of Religion and Race.

Yours very truly,
Michael A. Nelson
B. COMM. 4



by pat rozenberg
and sandi meland

TALKING ABOUT BEING more Japanese than Ju-jitsu, karate or harakiri, one talks about the Tokyo Sukijaki restaurant, situated on 7355 Mountain Sights Ave.

As you step into this Japanese refuge (flanked by factories on either side), you are transposed into an atmosphere that is more than authentic. In fact, we asked our gracious host, Mr. Yoshi Mura:

"Is this the way things are done in Japan?"

"Well to tell you the truth, this

"We deliver"



by brian segal

is a bit more Japanese than Japanese!"

And so off with the shoes, don a pair of sandals and treading through wee waterways via bridges and garden pathways, we were ushered into a private chamber — which of course could be quite an invitation, if not an offer. But lo and behold, our waitress, attired à la Geisha was at our side. The menu offered six full course meals, priced from \$2.50-\$6.00 (nioxomics included) (with the majority in the \$5.00 range). Since the courses were named "Sukijaki, Tempura, Kiri-yaki . . ." without any English translation, we were naturally unaware of our fillings till the latter part of the meal. A second party soon explained to us that we were not eating cat's ribs, but merely beef, shrimp, fish etc . . . prepared by Japanese culinary methods.

Most impressive about the place are the originality and the authenticity:

"I travelled through Japan and took the most original aspects of all the Japanese restaurants and joined them here!" said Mr. Yoshi Mura.

Service is charming and for male-chauvinists, what a hey-day! In so far as the "other half" enjoyed being served first and even having his shoes put on!

Recommended highly for atmosphere, but you must be prepared to spend \$10.00-\$15.00 (one of those big-night extravaganza!)

chelsea bridge

Chelsea Bridge is below the 'pool' of London; and the 'pool' is the highest point (on the river) to which trampsteamers and seadogs may journey to dock.

Wearing a twilight smile

In a spring
Of crocus'
By the riverside
With eyes
That caught
The stealing tide go to
In chuckling
Acrobatic time
We saw the Queen
Of conception
In procession
With her train
Of flying fish
And spray
Climbing until

Eye sore

We saw
Her coil and bolt
A Cinderella
Clocking in on time
In her train of
Dead fish
And foam
Dying under the gun
Of the river's
Failing sun
Away from London's pool
And the spring's sunk
Motherless.

hugo



The attendant in the can sells safes

by george lewinski

"There's nothing as sad as a nightclub without any people" observed Norm Silver as he led the way into the beet-red cavern that would become the Esquire Show Bar when Luther Allison stepped up for the first set.

"The place is unique. Sit down. Want a beer? 'Scuse me, you can look at these", then he's off to open the liquor cabinet or unroll admission tickets for the show. All that's left is a beer glass and a pile of cracked scrapbooks leaking yellowing reviews about the Esquire and the musicians who played there.

The Esquire is lonely at five in the afternoon. But it's ready — tables and chairs formed up, ashtrays cleaned, the outthrust stage in shadow under a pile of amps and drums — for the raunchy disorder of three shows and 500 people.

It doesn't look like the inside of a fun house: no flashing lights or day-glo and it has naturally assumed the seediness that coffee houses spend money to achieve. But no coffee house is going to have drawings of '40s ballroom dancers or plaster date palms and Alahambra-like arches to point out "Gents" and

"Ladies". That belongs to some other time.

For most of its history, the Esquire has been a supper club with a house orchestra, line of girls, comedians, variety acts and some sort of 'name' headliner. It was a place where the big boys would stroll in with a platinum babe on each arm to pay \$50 for the best table in the house. That was during the heyday of Montreal, when it was one of the most wide-open cities in North America, the "Little Paris". The only people who can still tell you about it are doormen ("Showtime! Five Minutes. Show Time!"), the Bruce Taylors and small time hoods.

Television killed the supper clubs. It was easier and less expensive to watch the tube and order Chinese food than dress up for the club. "The Honeymooners" and Milton (Uncle Miltie) Berle did more to end an era than Pacifique Plante and Jean Drapeau.

Two years after he bought the Esquire, in 1953, Silver had to start looking around for another kind of show and another kind of audience. He found rock and roll.

"I heard about this new fad and I did a little investigation, went to New York and so on. By 1956 I changed the name from the Esquire Cafe to the Esquire Show Bar and went exclusively in rock and roll."

The predominance was, and still is, on black entertainers who did not quite make the big time, who did not have the hype to cut records and get million dollar promotions.

"In those days rock and roll had a bad name . . . it was associated with juvenile delinquents and black leather jackets. Maybe that is why they changed the name to rhythm and blues. It has a more sophisticated sound." But with a gesture of a man used to catering to a fickle public Silver said: "Whether they call it rock and roll, rhythm and blues, Latin rock, soul, or the blues, we've always

Esquire. So did a young guitarist getting a chance with King Curtis — Jimi Hendrix.

But it's twilight for the rock clubs.

The police want to close down the Esquire, on the theory that massive retaliation against nightclubs will cut the connection of some with the underworld and drive away various forms of vice. The Esquire does not fit with the 'Man and His World', '76 Olympics and Grandeur schemes that boosters in city hall dream up. If it's not the sort of place conventionneering librarians would frequent, then shut it down. Silver himself says that despite vigilance, the Esquire is a nightclub, open to the public and susceptible to disorder.

The second threat is economic. Now that rock and roll has transcended respectability and become 'high art', there are fewer entertainers who are not locked up by recording companies and even fewer who are willing to play for the relatively small fee they'll earn for a week-long engagement.

"The whole nightclub scene is going out fast," shrugs Silver. "I can't really blame the musicians, I'd try to get a piece of the action myself. How can I compete with the Forum or Place des Arts which can squeeze thousands in for one night at least twice the price I charge? And how can I blame the musicians for wanting to do one-nighters? On a super week I'll average five hundred people a night at \$2.50. I can't do more than give someone, Duke Ellington for example or Janis Joplin, more than \$12,000 a week." He thinks the only city in North America which can afford to hire entertainers for a week is Las Vegas, and there the entertainment is only secondary.

If television killed the supper club, then stereo is killing the rock club. Stereo means you can listen to music at home, it means fat recording contracts

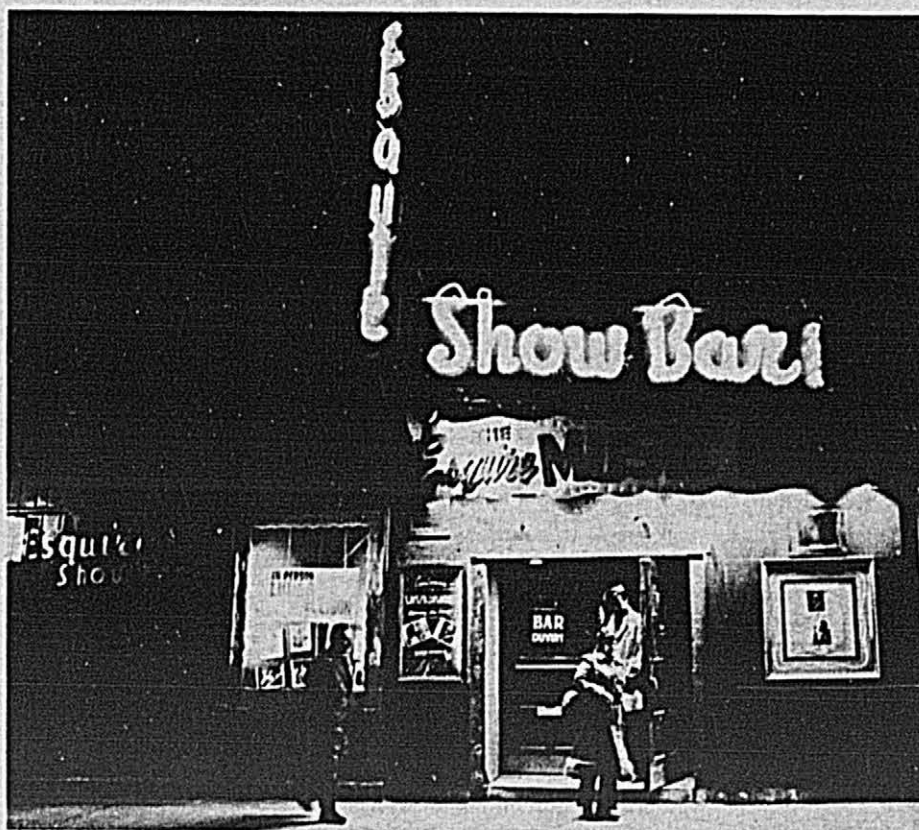


photo by jean-michel joffe

presented a good product and we have the name."

It's said that in Harlem's Apollo Ballroom the dressing rooms have little ads for the Esquire offering the cable address and free taxi transportation for any entertainer who wants a gig.

Bo Diddley, Fats Domino, Little Richard, Big Mamma Thornton, Junior Walker, Sam & Dave, Martha and the Vandellas, Joe Tex, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, to name a sampling of styles, played and continue to play the

and college one-nighters. It means that even if he could afford him, Silver can't get B. B. King because his agents have booked him for the rest of the year at Carnegie Hall, Madison Square Garden or the Chicago Amphitheatre.

Fortunately for the low-budget audience, it also means that low talent groups like Grand Funk will be booked in these coliseums to perform their antics and someone like Muddy Waters is still available to the Esquire. The sad thing is

Continued on page 7

transfigured night . . . continued from page one

Not knowing how he came to be there, James found himself, with his dog, in the hallway of his house. He was breathing heavily, almost gasping, so upset was he by the vision he had just had in the park.

Intimations of unity should be satisfying not horrifying. But the unity he experienced was similar to annihilation. His expectation that he would find security indoors was not to be fulfilled: the furniture and the walls, all the old familiar friendly things had overheard his desperate breathing and began to mimic him by pulsating in time with it. He took off his coat and lay down on the floor in an effort to calm himself, but the ceiling was part of the conspiracy and it menaced him, plummeting to within a few inches of his face and then drawing back and then plummeting again, threatening to purposefully misjudge the distance and flatten him. He closed his eyes, but by this time the carpet was in on it to and it bounced him up and down, back and forth. And even with his eyes closed, he could feel the ceiling when it came close to him.

He talked, pleaded, and I suppose, he cried. Eventually, he turned himself over and crawled, hands and knees, to the kitchen where he rummaged through several drawers and found the carving knife. He subdued the house and its inhabitants with the knife—they understood force—and got to his feet staggering, knife at his own throat. He looked around one last time at his rebellious home and caught sight of his dog's somewhat bemused face and put the knife away.

Pity was a human face? James had never been a stranger to human hostility and, in his careful opinion, the furniture, walls, floor, ceiling of his home behaved on that night just as he thought human beings would (towards him at least) if given the chance. What James did not realize was that the horror he had just experienced was but the beginning of a journey to the gates of hell and beyond to a vision of something new. This night was to be, in certain respects, the last one of his life.

Magically out of the house and into the streets again, this time sans dog, James thought he would take a little walk downtown. The faces of the people who passed him by were red, unhealthy-ugly; the air stank. He felt in some sense empty, not empty-hungry but empty-lost.

Sidewalks of foam-rubber, buildings of soft butter flowing into the streets; James soon lost consciousness of where he was, lost in the novelty of it all. No longer afraid, but rather

amazed, he walked on, turning familiar corners into strange new streets. And as he walked, listening to the breathing of the traffic as it passed him by, he became less able to distinguish his perceptions one from the other. Sights, sounds, smells, the wind touching his face merged into one undifferentiated, unstable and entirely impenetrable mass confronting him. There were two things in the universe: James and the other thing-everything, one subject and one object. He felt as though he were the eye of a hurricane, a calm, immobile center about which raged this stormy flux of everything else; there was no order or sense to

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He met some friends of his who insisted on taking him to a party. It was very cold, they said, and he was stumbling around with his coat open. He was, in fact quite helpless and he immediately surrendered his will to theirs.

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He danced and danced and, found himself, all of a sudden, out in the street again, fully clothed, and still dancing. He felt lonely again as the music stopped. He did not belong in there, not with the witches' coven nor with Lenin nor with the dancing bacchantes.

He belonged where he was, alone in the street. Time had played another trick on him. He had been at the party for a few minutes, half an hour at most, and yet the street was beginning to get bright, people were waiting at bus-stops on their way to work. In a little while, the sun would appear and James would be naked in the spotlight.

He began to run towards home. The events of the past night presented themselves to his memory; the vision of unity watching the dogs play, how it was shattered by the rebellion of the household furniture at the gates of hell, the reinforcement of his conviction that to be human was to be alone by his walk downtown and by the party.

As he ran, his breathing became easier; he felt lighter as the street became brighter. To get home before he saw the sun or before the sun saw him. As he ran faster and faster, the passing scenery melted into a soft pastel blur.

He ran through the traffic at a busy intersection, unharmed; he passed through the cars, and they through him, as though neither of them were there. He forgot that he was running, he became motion purely.

Before, he was the calm at the center of a storm of movement; now, he was part of that storm.

As he turned the corner into his own street, he saw his shadow in front of him and stopped short. All motion stopped. He began to turn his face to the sun and as he did so he noticed that his shadow was vanishing. The more he turned, the smaller it became and as he faced the sun full on, it disappeared entirely.

And so did he.



photo by gerald wexler

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This gist of the argument, as James understood it, was that although the poor and the etc

A ball in the air is worth two in the hand

YOU DON'T LEARN a lot of useful stuff in college. If you haven't wised up to that yet (Good God, it's almost Christmas. Even the first year kids should have caught on by now.) there's not much point in my telling you. But we would like to turn you on to a new trick—

JUGGLING.

It's the answer to mankind's age old problem, "What do you do with your hands?" It doesn't cause cancer — like smoking cigarettes — doesn't make your hair fall out — like masturbating — and doesn't cost anything — like tearing up dollar bills.

Furthermore, juggling is a practical skill. For example, suppose you're throwing a party and five million of your guests want beers at the same time. You don't want to be rude so you go to the 'fridge. You open the door, see the five million bottles sitting on the shelves and ask, "How

many trips am I going to have to make?" Simple. One. Any sophisticated juggler can manage one beer in his right hand, one beer in his left hand and four million, nine hundred ninety nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety eight beers in the air. Relax, it's a short walk from the kitchen to the living-room.

Or again, suppose you get busted one awful Sunday afternoon. (Why are cops so mean? 'Cause they have to work on Sundays.) There you are sitting naked in your favorite chair with a pipe, paper-weight and a bag of dope in your lap. The cops ask you your name. What to do? Meditate. Then juggle. If you're good, you fix it so that the pipe is in one hand, the paper-weight in the other and the bag of dope is in the air at all times. The police'll never nab you for possession; they can't catch you with the dope in your hands. If you have to tell it to the judge, and he thinks something's fishy, you can always say, "Your Honor, I've been meaning to come down to the police station for some time. For two weeks now a plastic bag of dope has been following me everywhere I go. All over Montreal. I can't get away from it. It's usually between four and six feet off the ground and smells like a pizzeria. I thought the men in the Narcotics division should know about it. It's a new one on me. Maybe it's a Ruski spy device. It sticks to me like glue. I

didn't get a chance to come in 'cause school keeps me too busy. But you gotta do something about it 'cause it's driving me nuts. And that's the truth. So help me God." The last line is optional. If you use it, take a swift step to the right immediately after uttering just in case lightning strikes. Be sure to face the judge squarely, pipe in one hand, paper-weight in the other, dope floating in the air in front of you. When the judge gets tired of listening to your story, he'll grab the bag of dope from the air. There's your chance. He gets busted for possession, and you go free.

When you're out of school and you can't find a job, if you're a good juggler some king'll always take you on as court-jester. You ever hear of a king hiring a court-social psychologist?

Follow the instructions carefully. They were written so the average doorknob could understand them. We've had the greatest time down here in the dungeon keeping things up in the air.

One more thing, juggling is just like ice skating. Once you've learned how you never forget. You may get a little rusty, but juggling'll bring you happiness all the way into your declining years.

P.S. in re the instructions: at no point do your fingers leave your hands.



To juggle, one needs three objects and two hands. (fig. 1)



Stage 1: (fig. 2) Launch ball 1. Hold ball 2 static.

by ken rogers

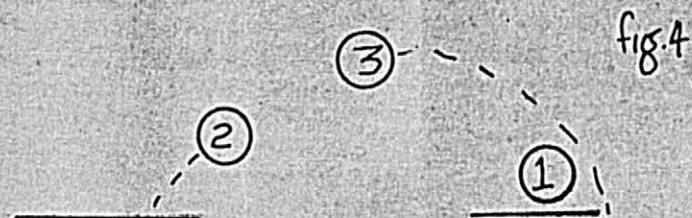
Five years ago, I met a draft resister from the states. He could juggle. Upon seeing his routine, it occurred to me that perhaps I too might possess the capacity to perform that art. A request for information on how to do it brought on a dazzling array of juggling feats. I chose the simplest of his repertoire (the three object variety).

Three weeks of practising achieved five gallons of sweat and a severe headache. Before giving up, I decided to check with the master. There are two styles of the three object variety: the "waterfall" and something else (the name of which I didn't catch). I had been attempting "waterfall", the hardest of the two styles. I switched brands and developed the habit. The ability has

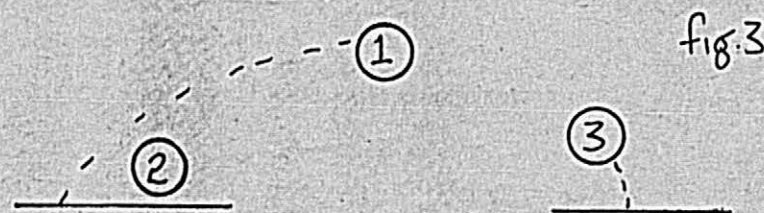
given no rewards (apart from the ability) over the past five years but one never knows when one might be threatened in the street with, "A juggling performance or your life!"

W. C. Fields was perhaps the world's finest juggler. This ability of his found expression in almost every aspect of his acting style. Witness the typical scene where he engages in a number of simultaneous activities during which his "pork pie" hat keeps falling from his head (but never hits the ground).

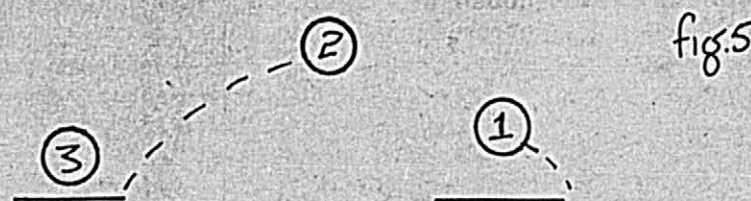
Juggling may be defined as the act of possessing more than one holds. Soar, arc, fall . . . soar, arc, fall . . . Gradually a soothing rhythm is achieved. A rhythm only fully understood if one juggles. The texture of a mundane object somehow gains a sensuous appeal as it cycles to and from one's hand, leaving and returning and yet never leaving.



Stage 3: (fig. 4) As ball 3 reaches the apex, launch ball 2. Hold ball 1 static.



Stage 2: (fig. 3) As ball 1 reaches the apex of its curve, launch ball 3.



Stage 4: (fig. 5) As ball 2 reaches the apex, launch ball 1. Hold ball 3 static.

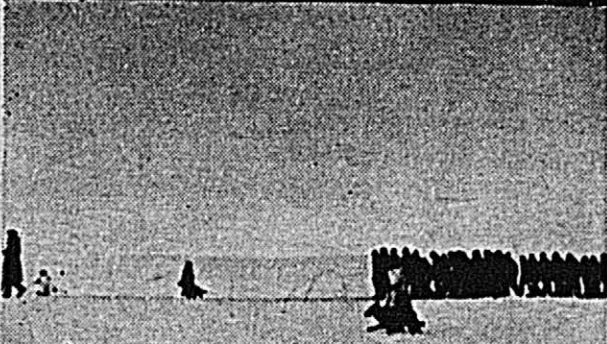
A cycle is complete.

The act of juggling three objects incorporates four entities, three objects and the juggler. One could freeze the action of one of the objects and say that the other two and the juggler were moving. The following illustration has four characters; three objects and you.

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esquire . . . continued from pg 3

It's not especially good for Muddy Waters.

If Silver can't present the musicians that are currently very hot, he can compensate by offering the audience intimacy and a rapport between performer and audience that is beyond that of the Forum.

You won't see Muddy Waters sneak a look at his watch at the Forum to see when his set is over, and at PdA, Howlin' Wolf won't stare you down and mumble "You pick 'em and we'll play 'em" on his way to the can.

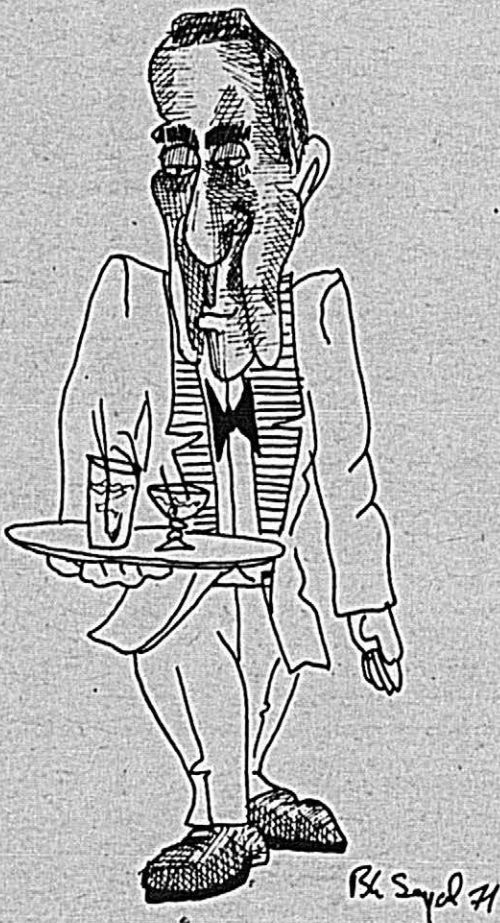
The Esquire is not a discotheque where it pays to wear a superstar outfit. The waiters don't wear hot pants; they look as though they freelance for a 'collection' agency or used to scrutineer at Duplessis' elections. The maitre d' doesn't pay \$7 for a haircut and his tuxedo bulges with muscle that may have been used on jobs that made

people forget they ever walked. If he doesn't look as if he wants to see you maybe it's because he remembers when he got \$5 to show people to their table.

But it's more than likely that the porter in the can who sells everything from Lavis to shoelaces can tell you about when Jack Dempsey shook his hand, and the barman will tell you about the time Dean Martin did a week for \$750.

And usually the band will swing into a twenty-five minute long version of "Spoonful" during the last set and not act as if they are doing you a big favor.

Norm Silver would rather his son worked up front and played for a living than sit in a back-room and count the house. But when it's all over, he's at the door shaking hands, asking you if you enjoyed the show and reminding you to be sure to come back next week to see Willy Dixon, and in two weeks the James Cotton Blues Band. He knows the writing is on the wall for the Esquire, but he's still selling a good product and figures you might want to know.



Wandering

I'm tired of being a cloud
For the moon to look through.
I'm tired of being a silver trout
Searching for the sun-filled sand.
I'm tired of being a little green vine,
Creeping into the golden rain;
And I'm tired of being a flickering flame
Just because the darkness wants a name.
And so I'm going
To the land of the midnight sun
Because there,
I don't have to play hide and seek
With the moon.

by Brenda MacDonald

The LCRAP is the weekly supplement of the McGill Daily.
All contributions are welcome — graphics, poetry and prose.
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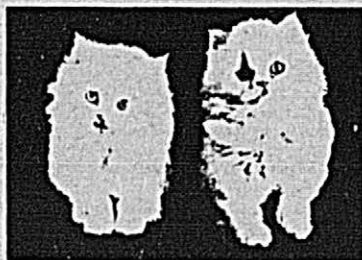
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DEMOS

by ron blumer

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I wrote to a filmmaker friend who is a native of Chile and presently working as a cameraman for a small film company in Santiago. I suggested to him that he was living in very exciting times in a very exciting country. I received this very sad letter in reply. It was eerie because it expressed such familiar sentiments and yet it came from so far away from someone speaking a different language and living under totally foreign social conditions. Whatever the disease is, a lot of us have got it.

Dear Ron,

Had two shooting sessions in the jungle this month. We shoot almost everything with the wide angle hand held and the 250 mm tele, which should make the image look fantastic but doesn't really. I am sorry to disappoint you Ronnie but I have no millions, no kids and no nagging wife. Just an empty, depressing life, with little possibility of change. And slow torture by El Cannabis who is about a foot tall and needs another month before harvest time. Oh glories to come . . .

For slowly all the world, cinema included, loses significance. I find meaning only in being with another person. Really. And I haven't for a long, long time. Or in just not getting up in the morning and letting the fucking day go by without doing anything, which is what I do if I get up too — so it doesn't really matter. I haven't lost hope; indeed, I am full of hope. I expect to go somewhere and work at something very simple, like sweeping garbage. I shall use all the free time I have for — what can one call it — finding myself? meditation, self-discovery? All these things sound pretty corny, but probably only because they are named. If you have some idea of what work is about, then maybe you can sympathize. Calming down, leaving all the crap behind, starting to discover again all that there is apart from pollution, noise, uselessness etc. Air, sun, wind, clouds, body . . . The best thing I get from the filming trips is the realization that there is such a thing as slowing down. See it in the provinces outside the city.

There must be an investigation of memory. What to do with all that one remembers? Is that life? How does it relate to all that one experiences now — with all the crap that we carry around inside our head. Each phrase probably takes months to figure out. One has to have a girl. There are too many things, you have to have some sort of direction inside of you, otherwise everything seems meaningless. Slowly you find things out, then you must find out what to do with these things. The whole thing is a mess; takes time. Cinema in all this is distraction although maybe it will come back later, after I decide what to do. But a simple poetic film, a creek, a garden, who knows. When you start digging you end up either in an asylum or out in the forest. Had a beautiful trip in the jungle once. Before that I always kept notes as to what was happening, ideas that could be used for something, images, new possibilities that suddenly struck me. But this time, for the first time, the thought came about that I could live in another world, that by trying to grab it and write it down, I devalued it. I realized that I should live here and not there, forget the notes and just be — to hell with everything! That was just a passing idea, it lasted a couple of hours but it was fascinating and strong.

You seem to think its wonderful down here, with a revolution (ha!) going on, third world possibilities, Godard like situations, etc. That probably depends more on the person, than the thing going on. It really does. Too much today is image and propaganda and has no connection with reality. For me most revolution is like that. But even if I decided to do a film interviewing the peasants ("... he interviewed the peasants . . ."), at the moment of doing it I would ask myself, why am I doing this? I wouldn't be able to come up with the answer. The way for me isn't there. Its too easy to get lost in social and political things and never grow. Maybe Cuba is different. Most movies are dishonest. All those movies of Bolivian peasants holding up machetes are made by bringing a group of extras together, giving them machetes and telling them to shout and wave them at the camera. And the people who make these films smile as they tell the story. So why do you go along with this crap?

Why am I doing this?

Stop.

by gerry sparrow

Pigtailed pucksters ride again



BO LEGGES AND SCAR FASCE . . . with weapons and spoils

by hurd stein
and ron abrahams

Shady figures tell the story

Rookie Coach Dave Dies is investigating the possible underworld infiltration of the McGill varsity hockey team after their fourth straight crushing defeat (the third in a row by 9 goals.) The score Wednesday night was U de M 11, McGill 2.

Upon entering the sports arena on the U de M campus some strange things were noticed. For instance, the first fan sighted was wearing a bright red McGill jacket. Also, there were seated in box seats behind the Redmen bench a group in trench coats, black shirts, and white ties. Clearly recognizable was the leading underworld figure, Bo Legges

and his henchman, Scar Fasce.

After Irwin Goldstein gave the Redmen a one goal lead it was quite evident to the fans present that this upset Legges and Fasce considerably. So much so that Legges informed Fasce who in turn informed a lesser being to visit Goldstein on the McGill bench. There is no doubt that Irwin got the message and passed it on to the other members of the squad. No one dared perform a similar transgression, that is score a goal, except Mike Tommassin who did so on a penalty shot.

When the first period ended with McGill still in the game, down only 2-1, the Redmen were followed to their dressing room by three fellows who looked like they had lost a bout with an airplane propeller. We can assume that they told the big Red Machine to mend their ways as the score stood 7-2 for U de M by the time the second period ended.

McGill for some strange reason (or is it so strange) had only 14 players dressed for Wednesday's encounter in comparison to 18 for Les Carabins. It therefore became impossible for the Redmen to keep up with U de M during the third period as they easily upped the score to 11-2.

The tension that filled the arena after the opening goal was completely alleviated. Jubilation was noticed amongst Bo and his boys as they had obviously beaten the point spread. Scar, before leaving, was seen patting some of the panting Redmen saying "Way not to go boys." It is hard to say whether the Redmen were safer or richer after this game, but it is hard to believe a team could look that bad, consistently, without some kind of outside influence. An investigation is being carried out and will be continued Friday when McGill entertains SGWU.

The Redmen have been forced to play in front of large crowds on their three game road trip. It is obvious that they haven't enjoyed this at all as they have been outscored 33-4. It will probably be a welcome relief to play in front of the few fans at the Winter Stadium.

The pigtailed pucksters have two chances at a grand comeback this weekend after tying it up last Saturday in a flash finish.

The intercollegiate season opener with Queens was marked by tough, lively play and a 2-2 dead-end score. Despite continual net digging, the Johanneson sisters' aggressive front line couldn't overpower the staunch Queens goal. Credit for McGill's first goal of the season goes to rookie Debbie Mullins and a first period wrist shot from the wing. Setting her up were linemates Marilyn Staines and Lee Tidmarsh.

The second period saw Queens take the lead with an unexpected screened shot. The best was saved for last, however, as Tidmarsh passed in the puck in the game's dying minute. The pink pucksters will attempt to pick off McMaster and U of T this weekend.

In aquatic competition, Queens crawled to a 304-237 point win over McGill. McGill super swimmer Kathy McLeod, however, took the 50 and 100 free style with ease, while DeeDee Cornell and Frankie Anderson captured the 50 fly and 100 backstroke.

Back at the gym, the intercollegiate volleyball team has consistently been reserving its energy for future triumph. In Saturday's Q.U.A.A. tournament, McGill lost four games to U. of Quebec and tournament winner U of Montreal. Fortunately, the girls rallied for the final two games of the day to trounce rival MacDonald College. The squaws are holding back for lucky tournament number three at Laval Dec. 4.

The big word of the W.A.A.,



however, is BASKETBALL, as the intercollegiate team massacred Sherbrooke last Saturday, 91-21. The super-squaws have answered the Harlem Globetrotters with top scorer Vicki Row — 27 points; Nancy Layton, 14 points; and Rae Moore and Jeann MacDonnell at 11 points each.

In intramural basketball activity, Arts and Education are tied for first place with three games and three wins, followed by Med I and P&OT. The nurses take top honours for consistency, with four games and four defaults. Meds Shirley Vorce is intramurals' top scorer.

The hoopsters will meet U. of Laval tonight at 6:30 in the Currie Gym. For fans of fast-paced basketball, this game shouldn't be missed; and for admirers of females in skimpy attire, it is the best the season has to offer.

Meanwhile, the hockey team will have its pigtailed poised for action Friday at 5 and Saturday at 1 at Winter Stadium. Unfortunately these are the last two home games of the year; so, aspiring pink puckster supporters, it's now or never.



daily photo by harold rosenberg

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KAREN, I LOVE YOU Howie.

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ACAPULCO-MEXICO, mini-bus tour, December 18th-January 9th. Camping in Acapulco? Interested? Phone 843-8153 (evenings).

TO KATHY F. from the boys and Dianna. Once one has entered her opening shock, one usually pulls high unless accompanied by a proper skydiving suit.

SKI EUROPE, 6-8 people to form group renting chalet for 2 weeks skiing, Europe, first half January. Phone Ira 747-7566.

U.F.O. INC. To all those unfortunate people who answered the ad for actresses and actors, The P.O. Box No. should have been 184 instead of 84, Montreal 459. Please write again, your letters are probably lost in the outer depths of the post office. P.S. Whomever calls or writes back to you must be able to identify U.F.O. Inc. as Uranus Film Organization.

MONTREAL GEOLOGY CLUB, general meeting—film will be shown—FDA building, Rm. 232, new members welcome—Monday Nov. 15, 1 P.M.

WANTED

TWINS NEEDED as subjects for a short physiology experiment. Remuneration offered. Please contact 392-3085 Dr. Arkinstall or K. Nirmel.

COUPLES TO ESTABLISH country commune, children welcome. Address inquiries to Tom Esmon, 625 Milton No. 804, Serious only please.

FORMER AMERICAN, 27, wants girl to teach French and share room in large house with 4 others. Luxurious Wisteria, outdoor pool. Westmount \$85. 935-7314, Hank.

HOUSING

AYLMER 3556 Large furnished rooms with sink stove refrigerator, linen supplied, \$16.00, \$18.00 weekly, 849-4887.

SUBLET DEC. 1, cheerful 1 1/2 in modern building unfurnished, equipped. Corner of Durocher and Milton. Furniture available. \$90. 844-3180.

SUBLET-DECEMBER 1 TO MAY 1, 2 1/2 room apartment, unfurnished, \$135. Laundry and storage facilities. 3650 Mountain St. 844-8902.

APARTMENT FOR SUBLET — Lorne Ave. between Prince Arthur and Milton, 3 rooms. Call 845-8998 after 6 PM. Immediate occupancy preferred.

I AM LOOKING for another girl to share an apartment with. Call 482-1957 after six.

ONE, OR TWO MATURE girls to share spacious, comfortable, fully furnished apartment on Mountain. Reasonable rent. 845-8394.

2 1/2 APARTMENT, available Dec. 1st, \$100, 538 Milton No. 4, 849-1448.

TO SHARE: 6 room apartment with one other, \$46 per month with everything, 22 minutes walk from McGill 933-2019.

2 1/2 ROOM, furnished \$120 per month, penthouse 3 1/2 room, furnished, \$140.00 per month in groovy new building. 105 Milton St.

LORNE AVE., Bright clean rooms and bachelor apts. with stove and fridge. Reasonable Tel. 484-4274.

TO SHARE 2 1/2 ROOM apartment on Aylmer. Person interested in Philosophy (especially objectivism) preferred. Call Marco 284-2649.

3629 AYLMEYER STREET, cross street-Prince Arthur furnished rooms with kitchen privileges. Wash basins. Close to University, \$50 monthly.

SUBLET-FURNISHED apartment \$135 Prince Arthur/Hutchison Call 844-0852 No. 312. Available immediately.

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THESES, MANUSCRIPTS, essays, reports, neatly typewritten. Bilingual. Moderate rates. Call 489-4198.

EXPERIENCED TYPIST seeks work at home. Theses, term papers neatly, accurately done. 767-5565.

PROFESSIONAL TYPIST will type theses, reports, term papers etc. Call Mrs. Kunic 747-7029.



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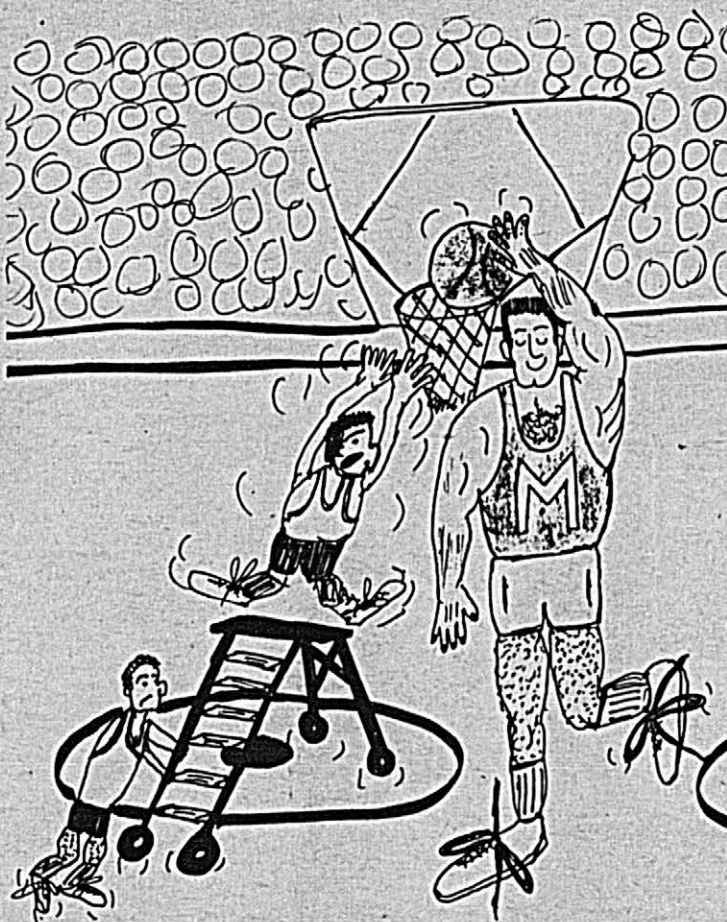
by george burger

Hoopsters clash with Warriors

the players told me that some Redmen were being intimidated off the court. Remember that the tallest man on MacDonald is 6'3". And remember also that Sir George beat this very same team. By the transitive property we should have won. But the above is hearsay and possibly baseless conclusion.

And let's give our boys the benefit of the doubt. But it does present a slight problem in the face of our upcoming encounter with Loyola tonight at 8:45. Ladies and gents, that will be a game to see. Our squad is a much more spirited machine than that which took to the court against Loyola the first time (remember that game?).

Since that game, McGill's record has been 3-1 — pretty good. But alas and alack, Loyola's has been a more impressive 3-0. We are in second place, 4-2, behind our nemesis' 4-0. It could be tense. But like I said, don't bury our boys yet. Our main failing in that fateful first game was a great lack of spirit, or balls if you prefer. And



it was also a game that came after only 18 hours of McGill practice. With all these debits, the game was still respectable until the last few minutes.

We can look forward to a lot of hustling, and with a very adept pistol Prah at the helm, and an equally efficient (if unharassed) Kit Kennard under the board. But Big John is really gonna have to pull. He'll have to make a stand against all the

clawing and climbing that he'll face. The team has to assert itself right away. For the hour that they'll be on the court they're going to be basketball players, not students playing basketball. Just for an hour. Because that's exactly what they're gonna be facing. Those Warriors didn't get on the team (or into Loyola) on brains and looks. Guys, an hour of ballbreathing basketball, and you'll be heroes. An

hour of wishy washy spare time playing and you'll be goats. Listen to McGill's version of John Robertson. You can do it guys. Do it for Gipper. Or your Mother. Or Arnold Bennett. But DO IT!

Foul Shots: George the Jew says it's too close to call . . . Prediction: If we take it, we take the title . . . look for some really clutch playing from some guys I'll mention after the game . . . I hope we get a couple of decent refs this game . . . You jerks who "haven't had time" to go to any games, get off your fucking apathetic asses and support the team. . . . Half-time entertainment tonight features world-renowned Karate instructor, Mr. Hisataka, who will be offering an exhibition . . . Speak to ya later.

Here I am, my function being the reporting of a McGill basketball game and you probably know more about it than I do because, by the grace of McGill's tight economy, the players have no bus, and have to go in the cars that they can scrounge up. Hence, there was no room for yours truly. But boy, did I hear a lot about the game.

Like the fact that McGill lost by three points, which were made by MacDonald with thirty seconds left in the game. And that McGill was being punched around. Some friend of one of

by al bayless

For the delirious skier...

The recent push by most of the ski equipment manufacturing industry is to turn skiers into suckers by attracting them to all sorts of expensive and overengineered gadgets that used to be easily recognizable as skis or boots. This has been driving a lot of people nuts trying to find the right equipment. This column is therefore devoted to the education of the delirious but ignorant skiers, in the fine art of choosing something usable to ski in.

Boots: Today's skiing styles require a great deal of contact from foot to boot to ski. Boots

should be perfectly flat on the bottom to improve contact with the ski and minimize movement. The "injected parallel soles" generally resist the tendency to round out after being used. On the outside, they should be quite rigid and stiff like most of the plastic boots on the market today, and this holds true from beginner to expert.

On the inside, the boots must be snug at the ankles and balls of the feet to keep your foot in place.

At the toes they should be roomy. Once you have boots that fill those requirements, check for pressure points where your feet feel pinched or squeezed. Many stores have an apparatus to stretch out minor ones. Whatever you do, don't let a salesman talk you into getting a boot that doesn't feel comfortable. Assurances that the boots will "break in" with use, or that you're just not used to them yet will only lead to a lot of pain and frustration on the slopes. It's not worth it.

Forward lean on many boots today is designed to counteract a skier's tendency to lean back and away from the slopes. It helps to keep you in touch with your ski tips, and in better control of the skis. High backs are generally preferred by racers who sit back on their skis and need the support. It also is helpful for the French *avalement* style of skiing.

The latest innovation to ski boots is the foam injection that is supposed to make the boots more comfortable by molding them to your feet. Because foaming is a new and, in most cases, imperfect technique you'd be best off to stay away from it unless you've got the most incredibly twisted feet. Most of the stores just don't have the experience required to do the job properly.

Something else to stay away from is furlined boots, instead of leather. While fur might feel soft and comfortable at first, it has a tendency to mat through perspiration, or if water somehow gets inside.

Skis: The big controversy raging today is the difference between metal and fibreglass skis, and their merits. Unfor-



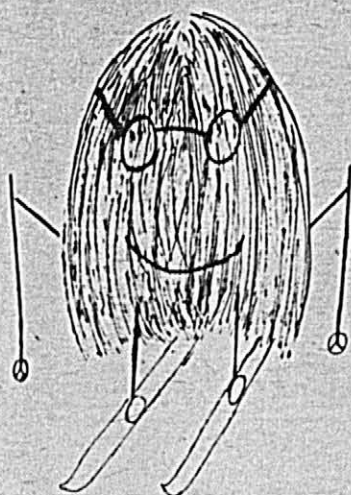
tunately, even the experts on the subject seldom come to agreement, which makes the decision all the harder to arrive at. Metal skis usually weigh more than fibreglass, making them faster but not quite as easy to control. It is generally accepted that metal skis are more durable than fibreglass. It's up to you to make a choice.

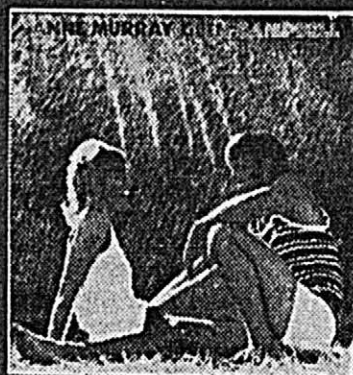
There has been a strong trend developing towards shorter skis as well, especially for the beginner. With the new direct parallel techniques that eliminate snowplow and christie turns, short skis which are much easier to control although they sacrifice speed, are becoming more and more popular. Generally a ski about six inches above the head is

considered about right for a novice. For expert skiers it goes as high as the wrist extended above the head.

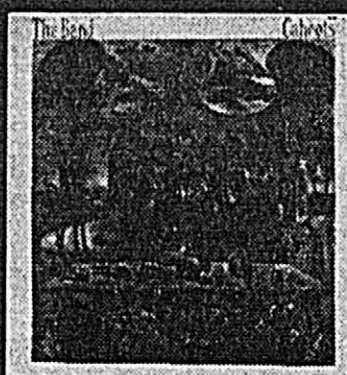
Poles: The more aluminum in them, the more they cost. Aluminum has the advantage over steel poles in that they are lighter, more flexible, and less likely to bend. Steel poles, besides being cheaper, will bend quite a bit before the break. Sizing of poles has also changed to shorter. For the right size, turn the pole upside down and put your hand just below the basket. If your elbow is at right angles, the pole fits. Good luck shopping.

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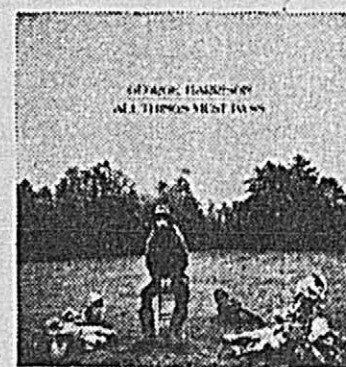
"PINK FLOYD"
(MEDDLE)



"PINK FLOYD"



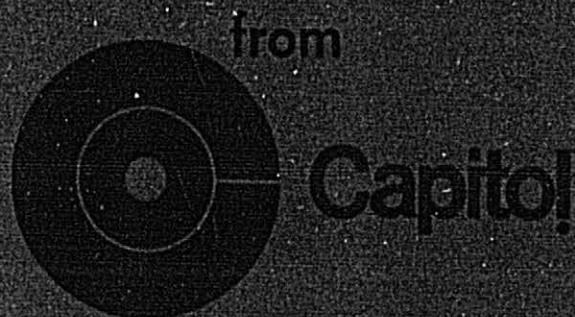
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